

Real WESTERN HERO

SEPTEMBER

10¢

NO. 70

A Fawcett Publication



IT'S ROUNDUP TIME!

FOR THE STRAIGHTEST SHOOTERS
OF THE WILD WEST



SNOOTIE, 40-in. wing span free-flight contest gas model. Designed especially for the popular Arden .099 engine. Easy to build. Plan No. 370, 50 cents.



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Real WESTERN HERO

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A Fawcett Publication

Editor
ROY ALD



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•
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•
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•
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•
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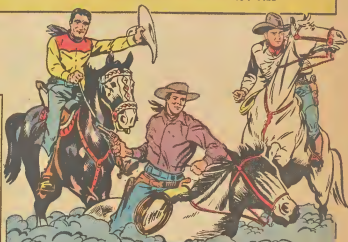
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HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD
..IN..

**THE LAND
GRAB**

TOM MIX

..IN..
**GUNFIRE
DECISION**

MONTE HALE

..IN..
COYOTE HUNT

PLUS: STIRRING WESTERN SHORT FEATURES

YOUNG FALCON

AND: AN EXCITING RED ROAN SHORT STORY

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

September, 1948. Vol. 12, No. 70

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MIDGEMAN AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

HOPALONG CASSIDY

TWIN RIVER BANK

...STARRING...
WILLIAM BOYD

...IN...
THE LAND GRAB

TW
RIV
S

TWIN RIVER BANK

SOCK!



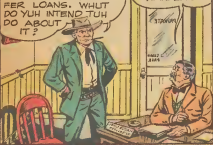
IN THE DAYS OF THE WILD WEST THERE WAS LAND APLENTY FOR EVERYONE. BUT WHEN SCHEMING LAND GRABBERS TRY TO TURN MEN OUT OF THEIR HOMES, SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY COMES TO THE RESCUE!

8

IN THE OFFICE OF JOHN SLOAN, PRESIDENT OF THE TWIN RIVER BANK....

MR. SLOAN, I UNDERSTAND THE RANCHERS UP NORTHERN VALLEY WAY HAVE ASKED YUH FER LOANS. WHUT DO YUH INTEND TUH DO ABOUT IT?

WHY DO YUH WANT TUH KNOW, HARPER?



I HOLD A MORTGAGE ON EVERY ONE OF THOSE RANCHES. THE MORTGAGES ARE DUE NEXT WEEK, AND THE RANCHERS WON'T BE ABLE TUH PAY ME IF THEY DON'T GIT LOANS FROM YUH.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IT'S A GOOD INVESTMENT. THEY'LL GIT THEIR LOANS!



YUH DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T WANT THEM TUH GIT THE LOANS!

IF THE RANCHERS CAIN'T PAY UP, I'LL BE ABLE TUH TAKE OVER THEIR LAND. AND I WANT THET LAND!



I'M SORRY, HARPER, BUT THE BANK HAS A RESPONSIBILITY TUH THE COMMUNITY. IM GOING TUH ISSUE THOSE LOANS BY TONIGHT!



I'LL GIVE YUH \$5,000 TUH CHANGE YORE MIND!



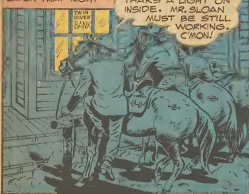
NO SALE, HARPER! THOSE RANCHERS ARE DEPENDING ON THE BANK!



I'M WARNIN' YUH! I AIM TUH GIT THET LAND! AND WHEN ZACH HARPER WANTS SUMPIN', HE GITTS IT!



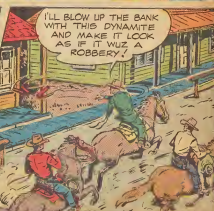
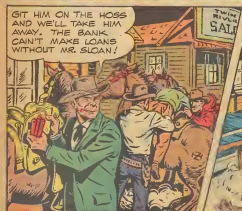
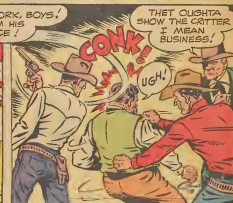
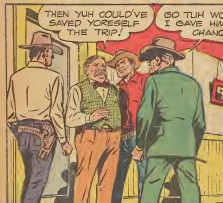
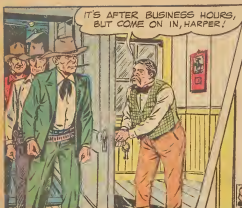
LATER THAT NIGHT--



THAT'S A LIGHT ON INSIDE. MR. SLOAN MUST BE STILL WORKING. C'MON!

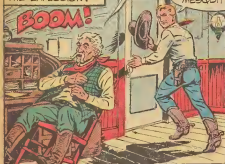
HEY, IN THAR! MR. SLOAN, I WANTA TALK TUH YUH!







IN HIS OFFICE, SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY HEARS THE EXPLOSION.



WHAT'S THAT?

THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION! COME ON, MESQUITE!

IT'S THE BANK!



SEE IF ANYONE WAS HURT!

RIGHT!



NO SIGNS OF ANYONE AROUND HYAR. LUCKY THING THAR WUZ NO ONE IN THE BANK.



YOU GO ON UP TO BANKER SLOAN'S HOUSE AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE EXPLOSION. I WANT TO POKE AROUND HERE AND LOOK FOR CLUES.



A SHORT TIME LATER---

MR. SLOAN
ISN'T HOME
AND HE
HAGN'T BIN
HOME ALL
DAY!

I WAS AFRAID
OF THAT! NO
ONE IN TOWN
KNOWS WHERE
HE IS.

THERE WAS NO MONEY
STOLEN FROM THE BANK
SAFE, SO THAT EXPLOSION
MUST HAVE SOMETHING
TO DO WITH MR. SLOAN'S
DISAPPEARANCE!

IF WE CAN FIND OUT
WHO WANTED TO GET
RID OF MR. SLOAN, WE
HAVE THE ANSWER!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN
NORTHERN VALLEY---

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF!
I SHORE HOPE YUH FIND
MR. SLOAN. IF I DON'T
GIT A LOAN FROM HIM,
ZACH HARPER IS AGONNA
FORECLOSE ON MUH
LAND!

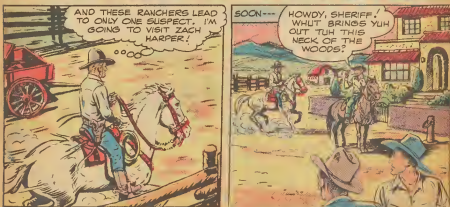
MUCH
OBLIGED
TO YOU,
TIM!

I CAME OUT TO NORTHERN VALLEY
BECAUSE I KNOW ALL THESE
RANCHERS WERE
EXPECTING
LOANS FROM
MR. SLOAN!



AND THESE RANCHERS LEAD
TO ONLY ONE SUSPECT. I'M
GOING TO VISIT ZACH
HARPER!

SOON--- HOWDY, SHERIFF!
WHUT BRINGS YUH
OUT TUH THIS
NECK OF THE
WOODS?



I'M LOOKING FOR BANKER SLOAN! HE DISAPPEARED FROM TOWN YESTERDAY!



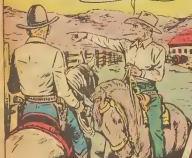
AND I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS DISAPPEARANCE!



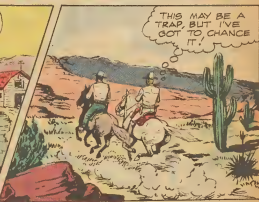
WHUT ARE YUH TALKIN' ABOUT! MR. SLOAN DIDN'T DISAPPEAR! HE'S VISITIN' ON MUH RANCH!



HE'S TRAPPIN' AND HUNTIN' ON MUH LAND RIGHT NOW. C'MON, LET'S GO SEE HIM!

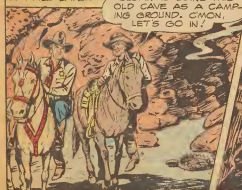


THIS MAY BE A TRAP, BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

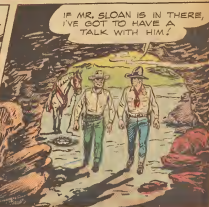


A WHILE LATER---

SLOAN IS USING THIS OLD CAVE AS A CAMPING GROUND. C'MON, LET'S GO IN!



IF MR. SLOAN IS IN THERE, I'VE GOT TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



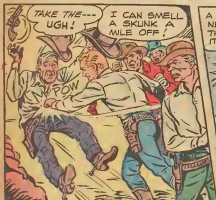
OH-OH! IT'S HOPALONG CASSIDY! AND HE'S HERDIN' THE BOSS INTOH THE CAVE!

THIS'LL PUT A STOP TUH CASSIDY!

PUT THET HARDWARE AWAY! YUH WANT TUH HIT THE BOSS?

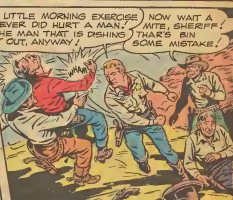
RIGHT THIS WAY, SHERIFF!

SOMEONE IS SNEAKING AROUND MIGHTY QUIET LIKE IN BACK OF ME!



A LITTLE MORNING EXERCISE NEVER DID HURT A MAN. THE MAN THAT IS DISHING IT OUT, ANYWAY!

NOW WAIT A MITE, SHERIFF! THAR'S BIN SOME MISTAKE!



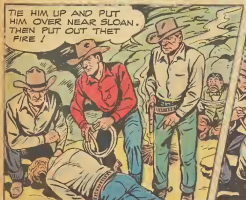
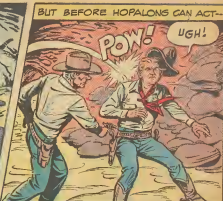
I KNOW. AND YOU'VE MADE IT, HARPER!

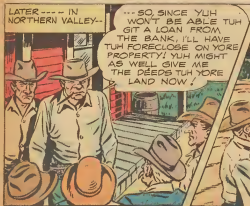
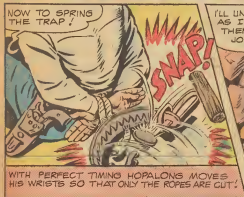
MUH BOYS MUST HAVE THOUGHT YUH WERE GOIN' TUH DO ME SOME HURT!

ALL RIGHT. NOW LEAD ME TO MR. SLOAN, AND NO TRICKS!

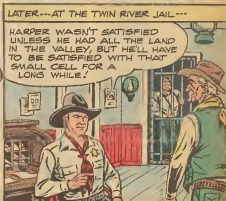
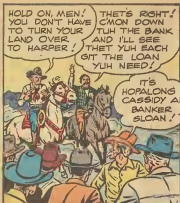
RIGHT IN THAR, SHERIFF!







REAL WESTERN HERO



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

Real
WESTERN HERO

Follow the daffy adventures
of the DIZZY, DATIN', DUO
OZZIE and BABS
in

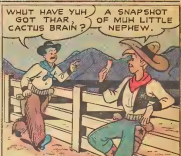
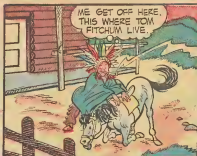


EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard





Bob ELLIOTT

NATIONAL LEAGUE'S
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER-1947

BASES
LOADED, BOB
--YOU'RE UP

I
KNOW

WE GOTTA
WIN TODAY,
GANG

CALLED "MR. TEAM" BY
HIS BOSTON BRAVES TEAM-
MATES, ELLIOTT'S A REAL
HUSTLER. HUSKY 6 FT. 185 LB.
ATHLETE PLAYS BOTH 3RD BASE
AND OUTFIELD - WHEREVER HE
CAN HELP HIS TEAM MOST.

A MURDEROUS HITTER IN THE CLUTCH,
"BUSTIN' BOB" KNOCKED IN 113 RUNS LAST
YEAR FROM CLEANUP SLOT IN BRAVES
LINEUP. ALSO BOASTED .317 BATTING
AVERAGE, AND SLAMMED 22 HOME-RUNS
--FOR NATIONAL LEAGUE'S FINEST
ALL-AROUND PERFORMANCE.

"I'VE BEEN EATING WHEATIES
- "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
- FOR OVER TEN YEARS," SAYS BOB
ELLIOTT. "THEY'RE WHOLESOME
-NOURISHING - AND PACK LOTS OF
SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES,
WITH MILK AND FRUIT, TO ANY ATHLETE AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH."

BETTER TRY
WHEATIES, FELLAS

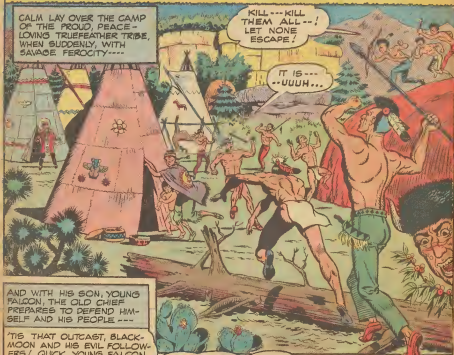
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

YOUNG FALCON

CALM LAY OVER THE CAMP OF THE PROUD, PEACE-LOVING TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, WHEN SUDDENLY, WITH SAVAGE FEROCITY----

KILL --- KILL THEM ALL --!
LET NONE ESCAPE!

IT IS ---
--UUUH...



AND WITH HIS SON, YOUNG FALCON, THE OLD CHIEF PREPARES TO DEFEND HIMSELF AND HIS PEOPLE ---

'TIS THAT OUTCAST, BLACKMOON AND HIS EVIL FOLLOWERS! QUICK, YOUNG FALCON...MY TOMAHAWK. HERE HE COMES,

HERE, FATHER. THOSE DEVILS HAVE CAUGHT OUR PEOPLE BY SURPRISE. THEY SLAUGHTER US!

EVIL OUTCAST--- DID WE NOT JUST SIGN A PACT WITH YOU, TO ADMIT YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS BACK INTO THE TRIBE?

TRUSTING FOOLS!--! NOW WE SHALL TAKE THE TRIBAL TOTEM FOR OUR OWN!

BLACKMOON'S WORDS RING TRUE AS THE UNWARY TRIBE IS MASSACRED BY THE SAVAGE ATTACKERS---



AND SOON, THE OLD CHIEF ALSO LIES DYING ---

FATHER---I WILL HIDE YOU IN THE BRUSH. NOT ONE OF OUR TRIBE REMAINS ALIVE!

YOUNG FALCON, MY SON--- I--I AM GOING THE WAY OF THE GREAT SPIRIT, YOU ALONE ARE LEFT, YOU MUST GET THE TRIBAL TOTEM FROM OUR MURDERERS.

IT IS OUR EMBLEM AND WILL PROVE YOUR RIGHT TO RESTORE THE TRIBE, SOMEDAY. BLACKMOON MUST NOT KEEP IT IN HIS FALSE HANDS! NOW GOOD-BY, MY SON---

GOOD-BY, FATHER...FAREWELL, OH, GREAT CHIEF...!



BLACKMOON SHALL PAY FOR THIS! HE'LL NOT KEEP THE TRIBAL TOTEM TO LAY FALSE CLAIM AS RIGHTFUL CHIEF OF THE TRUEFEATHERS! I SWEAR IT!



MEANWHILE, BLACKMOON, LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS OUTCASTS, REJOICES.

AT LAST---THE TRIBAL TOTEM! IT IS MINE...ALL MINE!



WHEN SUDDENLY, LIKE THE SWIFT BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, YOUNG FALCON'S LITHE FORM STREAKS

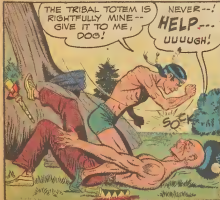
THROUGH THE AIR-- YOUR BOASTING WILL BE SHORT-LIVED, BLACKMOON!

WHA--?



THE TRIBAL TOTEM IS RIGHTFULLY MINE-- GIVE IT TO ME, DOG!

NEVER--! HELP... UUUUGH!



THERE! THAT WILL SILENCE YOUR LYING TONGUE! AND NOW FOR THE TRIBAL TOTEM.



BUT JUST AS YOUNG FALCON REACHES FOR THE PRECIOUS TRIBAL TOTEM



I HAVE HIM, BLACKMOON. HE IS THE LAST OF THEM ALIVE! HE MISSED DEATH WITH THE OTHERS.



HE WILL SOON JOIN HIS PEOPLE!

AND SOON AFTER---

I WON'T HONOR YOU BY KILLING YOU MYSELF. I LEAVE YOU FOR THE WILD BEASTS AND VULTURES WHO WILL BE HERE QUICK ENOUGH. THE OLD TRIBE IS DONE WITH---LONG LIVE THE NEW CHIEF---BLACKMOON!



BUT ONCE LEFT ALONE, YOUNG FALCON TWISTS AND SQUIRMS ACROSS THE GROUND UNTIL ---



THE ARROWHEAD STICKING FROM THE TEEPEE IS SHARP! I CAN SHRED MY BONDS ON IT!

YOUNG FALCON FEVERISHLY RUBS HIS BONDS UPON THE ARROWHEAD ----



THERE---I'M FREE! NOW TO GO AFTER BLACKMOON AND REGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM.



YOUNG FALCON RACES TO A LEDGE OVER-LOOKING A SWIFT RIVER TO SEE ---



THEY GO DOWN THE MIGHTY RIVER---I AM TOO LATE, BUT ONLY FOR NOW. I WILL FOLLOW BLACKMOON TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO REGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM.

WITH THIS VOW ON HIS LIPS, WE LEAVE YOUNG FALCON FOR NOW. BE SURE TO FOLLOW HIS THRILL-FILLED ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH AS HE FOLLOWS EVIL BLACKMOON TO REGAIN THE HIGHLY-PRIZED TRIBAL TOTEM!

GIRLS!-BOYS! Get This New BEANIE 'COPTER

Only **25¢**

with any wrapper from
Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops.

KEEN FOR
BIKE RIDING!



MORE FUN
SKATING!



CLASS WITH
A PUSHMOBILE!



HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! HERE'S A REAL
GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH
A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE
IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN
YOU WALK OR RUN!

IT'S NEW! YOU'LL
MISS LOTS OF
FUN IF YOU DON'T
HAVE A REAL
TOOTSIE
BEANIE
'COPTER!
SEND TODAY

You'll whirl with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this keen-looking new Tootsie BEANIE'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stitched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops. Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

TOOTSIE ROLLS

Box 331, New York 8, N. Y.

You bet I want to be first in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE'COPTER. For each one I enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

My Address.....

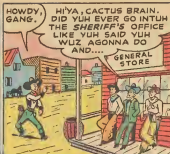
City.....Zone.....State.....

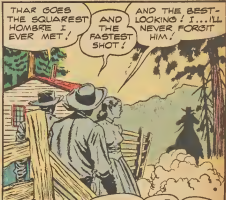
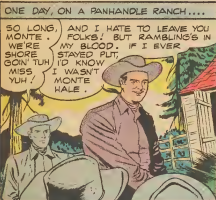
OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 31, 1948. SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law in your state or municipality.

Offer good only in United States.







AS THE PRAIRIE DUSK
CLOSES IN....

THIS MUST BE SAN
PEDRO. NOW TO CHECK
INTO THAT HOTEL
FOR A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP!



SOON.

BOY, AFTER
THREE MONTHS
OF RIDING THE RANGE,
THESE SHEETS SURE
FEEL GOOD! I'M GETTING
DROWSY, AL-
READY....



WHAT IN THE SAM HILL
IS GOING ON DOWN
THERE? I'D
BETTER PUT ON
MY DUDS AND
SEE FOR
MYSELF!

BANG!
BANG!

HELP!



SOON... WHAT'S
HAPPENED,
MISTER? WHERE'D
THOSE SHOTS
COME FROM?

FROM TH' BANK,
NEXT DOOR, SON!
IT'S A BANK HOLD-
UP! AN' THAR'S
MARY LOU BETTS,
TH' BANK CLERK!



WHO
DONE IT,
MARY
LOU?

WHAT DID THEY GET?

IT WUZ ONE MAN - THE
COYOTE! AN' HE GOT A
SHIPMENT OF BANK NOTES
FROM THE EAST...\$10,000
WORTH!



TH' COYOTE! AIN'T NO
THET POSSE GOIN'
KILLER! TUH CATCH HIM,
MARY LOU.
BETTER KISS
YORE BANK NOTES
GOOD-BY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU MEN?
HAVEN'T YOU GOT
GUTS ENOUGH TO GO
AFTER AN OUTLAW?



GUTS? YUH TRYIN'
TUH CALL US
COWARDS, MISTER?
I'LL SHOW YUH
WHETHER WE'VE
GOT GUTS HYAR
IN SAN PEDRO!



THET'S
IT! SHOW
HIM,
OX!

MONTE IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



OH HH...

SOK

WHEAM!

JEST TUH FINISH TH'
JOB, LET'S SEE
HOW YUH LIKE
THESE CAULKED
BOOTS -- IN
YORE RIBS!



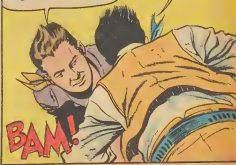
GOT TO... ROLL
AWAY... OR HE'LL
CRUSHMY
CHEST!

THERE! THAT
DID IT. NOW
TO UP-END
THIS ORNERY
BRAHMA.



WHUT
TH-

WHEN OTHER HOMBRES
START RUCKUSES, I LIKE
TO FINISH THEM.



UUNNNH...

BAM!

MAYBE YOU CAN ANSWER ME, MISS. WHY CAN'T A POSSE CATCH THIS—THIS COYOTE CRITTER?

BECAUSE HE'S FAST AS LIGHTNING. HE'S LIKE A REAL COYOTE. HE ATTACKS AT NIGHT... HE'S ELUSIVE AND TRICKY... HE DISAPPEARS IN THE DESERT!

I SEE! WELL, WHERE I COME FROM, WHEN A COYOTE RAIDS OUR STOCK, WE GO AFTER HIM. WE CATCH HIM, AND WE KILL HIM!

AN' HOW DO YUH DO THET, MISTER?

WE SPREAD OUT REAL WIDE, IN A BIG SEMI-CIRCLE OF RIDERS. GRADUALLY WE CLOSE IN ON HIM. IF NECESSARY, WE PICK UP FRESH HORSES ALONG THE WAY. SOONER OR LATER, WE GET THE VARMINT!

STRANGER, I DON'T KNOW WHO YUH ARE OR WHAR YU'RE FROM, BUT I LIKE THE WAY YUH HANDLE YORESELF. IF MUH DAD AND I DON'T GIT BACK THE BANK NOTES, IT'LL JEST ABOUT BANKRUPT US. WILL YUH DIRECT A HUNT FER THE COYOTE?

THE NAME IS MONTE HALE, MAAM! AND I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE!

MOMENTS LATER.

YIPPEE!! LET'S RIDE, COWPOKES!

SPREAD OUT LIKE A FAN, EVERYONE! AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!

WE'RE WITH YUH, MONTE!

FAR OUT ON THE PRAIRIE...

TH' FOOLS ARE COMIN' AFTER ME. WAL, LET THEM TRY! NO LAWMAN'S GOME CLOSE TUH THE COYOTE YET—AND LIVED!



MAYBE I'D BETTER TEACH THEM A LESSON RIGHT NOW—WITH THOSE COTTONWOOD TREES AHEAD!



WHAT IS THE COYOTE'S CUNNING PLAN?

HEY, JIM! LET'S TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THESE TREES, BEFORE TH' REST OF TH' POSSE COMES UP.



GOOD IDEA, CARSON! TH' COYOTE MIGHT BE LURKIN' SOMEWHAR IN THAR...



PERFECT! THEY'RE COMIN' INTUH THE GROVE. CLOSER... ..CLOSER....



NOW!

A ROPE! WE'RE BEIN'...

—STRUNG UP!



AS MONTE HALE APPROACHES....

HMM! THOSE TWO MEN RODE INTO THE COTTONWOODS—BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM COME OUT. THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE..



....THE RUTHLESS OUTLAW DRAWS HIS KNIFE!

ALL THET STANDS BETWEEN THOSE TWO MEDDLERS AND A FALL THET'LL MAKE PULP OUT OF, THEM—IS TH' ROPE! SO.... HYAR GOES!



THE COYOTE'S KNIFE DESCENDS.



I'VE GOT TO SHOOT AWAY THAT KNIFE—AND MISS THE ROPE.



AAGH! CURSE HIM—HE GRAZED MY HAND! TH' REST OF TH' POSSE MUST BE RIDIN' UP. I'D BETTER RUN FER IT!



PRESENTLY...

THERE! FEEL ANY BETTER?

WE SHORE DO, MONTE! THET DEVIL WUZ GOIN' T'JH CUT US BOTH DOWN, AN' LET US SMASH ON THOSE ROCKS BELOW!



LEAPIN' CATFISH! IF HE CUTS THAT ROPE—THEY'RE GONERS! I'D BETTER SHOOT STRAIGHT!



AS THE OUTLAW FLEES ON HIS SPEEDY GRAY HORSE...

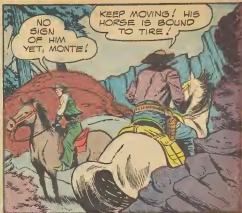
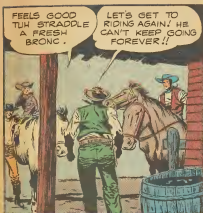
STEADY THERE, YOU TWO! I'LL GET ANOTHER ROPE ON YOU AS SOON AS I CAN... AND HAUL YOU UP!



BUT HE'S PROBABLY GAINED A SAFE LEAD AGIN—IN TH' TIME IT TOOK YUH T'JH RESCUE US!

CAN'T HELP THAT! SOON WE'LL GET FRESH MOUNTS—AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT MR. COYOTE DOES!





I THINK I'LL SASHAY OVER TO THE RIGHT WING OF THE POSSE, THE COYOTE IS LIABLE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR THOSE HILLS, IF WE GET TOO CLOSE...

AND MONTE HALE IS RIGHT! FOR AS THE HOURS PASS....

THEY'RE STILL COMIN'... FASTER THAN EVER... THEY MUST'VE GOTTEN FRESH MOUNTS! AND MUH HOSS IS BITTIN' TIRED, I'LL HAVE TUH HEAD FER THOSE HILLS..

WAIT! THAR'S ONE OF THEM COMIN'--- OUT AHEAD OF TH' OTHERS. NOW'S MUH CHANCE!

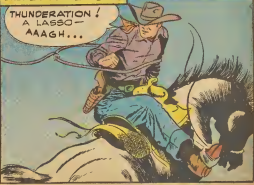


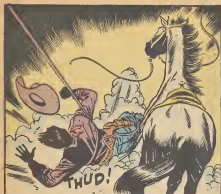
A GRAY HORSEALL ALONE! BUT WHERE'S THE COYOTE?

COME A MITE CLOSER....AND YUH'LL FIND OUT!



A LIGHTNING-FAST GRAY LARIAT SNAKES OUT, UNSEEN IN THE NIGHT.





THE CUNNING COYOTE PUTS HIS OWN GRAY SUIT AND HAT ON MONTE HALE. THEN HE TIES HIM ON HIS GRAY HORSE

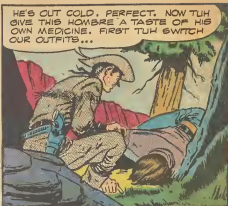
I'LL SEND TH' GRAY RIDIN' BACK TOWARD TH' CENTER OF TH' POSSE! WHEN THEY SEE HIM—THEY'LL OPEN UP WITH BOTH BARRELS. AND MEANWHILE...I'LL HEAD FER THE HILLS ON HIS HOSS....



GIT GOIN'!



HE'S OUT COLD. PERFECT. NOW TUH GIVE THIS HOMBRE A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE. FIRST TUH SWITCH OUR OUTFITS...



WHAR'S MONTE HALE? HAVE YUH SEEN HIM, RAFE?

NOPE! BUT LOOK — WHUTS THET AHEAD OF US?

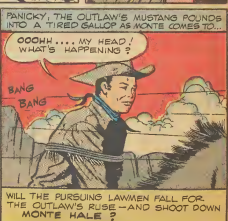


IT'S THE COYOTE'S GRAY HORSE. LET'S GO, BOYS! WE'VE GOT HIM!



PANICKY, THE OUTLAW'S MUSTANG POUNDS INTO A TIRED GALLOP AS MONTE COMES TO...

OOOHH.... MY HEAD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



WILL THE PURSUING LAWMEN FALL FOR THE OUTLAW'S RUSE —AND SHOOT DOWN MONTE HALE?

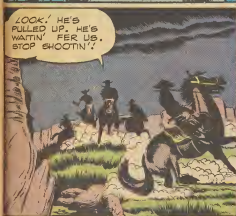
THE COYOTE DELIBERATELY SENT ME INTO THIS TRAP....SO HE COULD ESCAPE. I'VE GOT TO STOP THE HORSE, SOMEHOW. MY ARMS ARE TIED, BUT LUCKILY, MY TEETH....



...AREN'T!



LOOK! HE'S PULLED UP. HE'S WAITIN' FER US. STOP SHOOTIN'!



IT'S YUH, HALE! BUT WHUT HAPPENED ...YO'RE WEARIN' THE COYOTE'S OUTFIT.... AND RIDIN' HIS HORSE?

HE WAYLAID ME, AND I THOUGHT HED USE ME FOR A DECOY. QUICK—UNTIE ME AND LET'S GET AFTER HIM! THIS

TIME I'M SURE HED BE HEADING FOR THE HILLS!



...AND THIS TIME, I'VE GOT A PERSONAL REASON FOR WANTING TO CATCH UP WITH THE CRITTER!



MONTÉ URGES THE GRAY FORWARD! SOON, AT THE EDGE OF THE FOOTHILLS...

HIS HORSE'S TRACKS LEAD UP THIS CANYON. BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THAT FLUTTERING ON THAT CACTUS?



A PIECE OF CLOTH—TORN FROM THE SHIRT THE COYOTE TOOK FROM ME, SEEMS HE WENT UP THE SIDE OF THE CANYON ON FOOT. BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER COMES AS MONTE SEES....

THERE HE IS! AND HE'S PUSHING A BOULDER TO THE EDGE OF THE CANYON-TRYING TO START A LANDSLIDE!



THE POSSE MUST BE RIDING UP THE CANYON, FOLLOWING HIS HORSE'S TRAIL. THEY'LL BE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP....UNLESS I CAN WARN THEM!



JIM, THAT'S MONTE'S SIGNAL FOR TROUBLE! HE'S TRYIN' TUH WARN US ABOUT SOMETHIN'!

LOOK! AHEAD OF US--THOSE ROCKS!



THE POSSE DOES NOT HEED MONTE'S WARNING A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR....



IT'S A LANDSLIDE!

EVERYBODY SCATTER! UP THE SIDES OF THE CANYON!

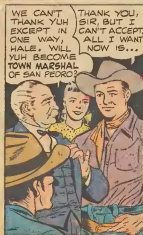
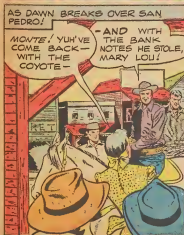
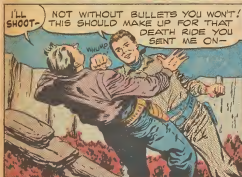
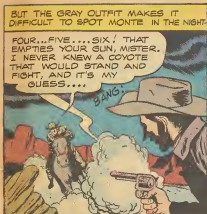
COYOTE, BETTER GIVE UP! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

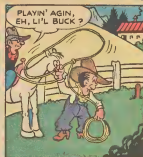
GIVE UP? HYAR'S MUH ANSWER!



BANG! BANG!







Jack's TALKING DOG

COME AND SEE JACK'S TALKING DOG

OK

WHAT CAN HE SAY?

I'LL LET HIM TALK FOR YOU

CRACKER JACK IS DELICIOUS, CRISPY CANDY-COATED POPCORN AND PEANUTS

-AND THERE'S A **SURPRISE** NOVELTY IN EVERY BOX

LET'S TRY IT

THE MORE YOU EAT - THE MORE YOU WANT

Cracker Jack

nut toy

LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK

AT CONFECTION COUNTERS-DRUG CANDY AND GROCERY STORES-AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS IN AMUSEMENT PARKS CIRCUSES-CARNIVALS BALL PARKS-ZOOS RESORTS AND RAIL-ROAD DEPOTS.

LOCO LEW

"GREW-SOME" THOUGHT

TSK, TSK, IT'S AWFUL! JEST AWFUL!

?

WHUT'S THE MATTER, LOCO LEW?

I JEST RECEIVED SOME TERRIBLE NEWS FROM HOME!

THET'S TOO BAD! WHUT'S WRONG?

MUH KID BROTHER HAS THREE FEET!

YORE KID BROTHER HAS THREE FEET?

THET'S RIGHT. MUH MAW SAYS SO IN THIS HYAR LETTER.

LISTEN. SHE WRITES: "DEAR LEW, YORE YOUNG BROTHER HAS JEST GROWN ANOTHER FOOT!"

KING OF THE HERD

The Story Of A Great Horse

By RICHARD KRAUS

THE VALLEY LAY white and still beneath its covering of winter snow. High on a ridge of the Sierra Madre hills stood a single horse, his hooves deep in snow. The mustang was young and powerful—and his brilliant shiny coat gleamed a powderish red against the white of the mountains. The few cowhands who had seen him racing, wild and unfettered, through the mountain reaches, had given him a name.

The name was—"Red Roan!"

Now the young stallion's sensitive nostrils flickered, as he scented the air. Then, turning his majestic head, he saw the herd. There they were, on a plateau of the hills, several hundred yards away. Fifteen wild mares, several awkward young colts... and Big Gray himself—the king of the herd.

Red Roan tossed his head in the crisp winter air and whinnied. The sound carried across to the plateau. Moments later, he heard an answering whinny from one of the mares. But the young stallion made no attempt to cross to the herd. It would mean his coming up against Big Gray again—and he did not know whether he was ready for that. For this was the herd Red Roan had grown up with. His own mother had died in foaling him, and he had been adopted by one of Big Gray's mares. Through that year and the next, he had run with the herd, first as a bony, skittish colt, and then as a tall, slender yearling.

In that time, he had learned much. What was good to eat and what was not. The danger of a coiled, gray-brown mass of rattling enmity. The two-footed creature called man—who could hurt at a distance. The four-footed wolves of the plain, who had courage only in winter and in great numbers. Most of what he learned, Red Roan absorbed from Big Gray—the mighty leader of the herd.

Then, last year, growing strong and spirited—as is the way of young stallions of the Western plains—Red Roan had challenged the older horse's command.

Battlewise and crafty, Big Gray had driven off the younger mustang. Bleeding and beaten, Red Roan recovered swiftly from his wounds. Then, though he could

no longer run with the herd, he followed close by. They were all he knew—all the friends he had. Always, he stayed at a distance, wary of Big Gray's battle prowess.

HE HAD FOLLOWED the herd until this winter. This winter—when the snows came more heavily and the cold was more penetrating than any he had known. Then, as forage grew scarce, and it became difficult to move about and find shelter on the barren hillsides, Red Roan had gone down to the plain. Alone, he had found food, though the snows continued to whirl down and the cold wind beat at his scarlet coat.

One night, as he stood in the shelter of a stand of pin oak, the roan stallion had heard the distant howling of a pack of wolves. Through the night, their famished cries came closer and closer. Then, in the morning, he could see them—huge gray forms that scudded across the snow, in relentless search of prey.

Red Roan was afraid of no ten wolves under ordinary circumstances. But the deep snow made it difficult for him to move with his accustomed agility. And these wolves were famished—so desperate that they would attack any possible sustenance. So the young stallion swung up into the hills again, in search of the herd. There was no point in courting danger...

BUT NOW, as his deep-set dark eyes looked over at the herd, Red Roan was troubled.

For Big Gray was rounding up the mares and colts. And he was leading them, with impatient lashes of his hooves and nipping, down toward the valley floor. Evidently hunger and great snow drifts had finally decided the old leader of the herd. He would take his charges down to the valley for a respite.

But he did not know of the wolf-pack!

Red Roan whinnied, loud and clear. Again a mare answered him, but Big Gray nipped angrily at her. She fled before him—down toward the valley. Red Roan followed close behind, and kept an anxious eye on the herd. They were moving down through a narrow, snow-choked arroyo,

that led out onto the plain below. He whinnied again, desperately. The wolves! Would not Big Gray turn them back?

The old king continued to lead the herd down toward the prairie. Red Roan poised, quivering, on a little hillock. Once the wolf pack found them—they would circle the herd. Then, when night came, as their numbers grew, they would attack. They might be driven back, but they would try again, with slashing, slaving fangs. One by one, the colts would be cut out and devoured. Then, the horde of gray-furred furies would lunge at the grown horses, finally to overcome them by sheer weight of numbers.

He had to act!

Whinnying loudly, Red Roan raced down through the arroyo, his hooves kicking up great clouds of white snow.

Angrily, Big Gray whirled to meet him. Powerful and cunning, the veteran of a hundred battles—he was a dangerous opponent who had never been bested! But Red Roan was desperate. He had to turn the herd, to bring them back to the safety of the hills.

Rearing back on his hind hooves, Big Gray smashed out with pile-driving forelegs. Red Roan swerved in the nick of time, and his teeth ripped a painful furrow across the older horse's neck. Mane flying in the winter air, the graceful red stallion circled the other horse. Now, he feinted with his head to the right. As Big Gray swerved to meet the attack, Red Roan came in on his other side. Hooves thundering mighty blows, he smashed Big Gray back.

The older horse was caught off balance. He attempted to recover, but Red Roan was too lightning-fast. Again the scarlet mustang drove in, great hooves pounding a jarring tattoo.

As Red Roan rose on his hind-legs, Big Gray knew he was defeated. Winded and bleeding in a dozen spots, he turned and lunged away through the deep snow. But Red Roan had no time to exult in his triumph. Already, the noise of the battle and the acrid smell of blood on the crisp winter breeze had brought dangerous results.

"A-ooo-oooohh!"

It was the full-throated cry of the wolf pack. Red Roan's keen eyes spotted them—twenty dark forms racing over the snow of the valley floor. And there, from the distant woods, were other wolves joining them, all too eager to be in on the kill.

Red Roan's delicate nostrils flickered. He whinnied imperiously. Return! Back to the hills and safety! Immediately, the

herd swerved about, heading for the mountains. Ahead of them was the arroyo through which they had been led by Big Gray. If they could reach that, it would be impossible for the wolves to attack them in force. The arroyo meant life!

As the first of the mares plunged into the narrow defile, the wolf pack struck.

Snarling savagely, the first two wolves sprang through the air at the throat of a young colt. Red Roan met their challenge swiftly. His rock-hard hooves smashed mightily at the wolves, tossing them to the snow, like lifeless rags. Now several more wolves had come up. They lunged at the mares who were filing into the arroyo. With punishing teeth and deadly kicks, Red Roan drove them off, leaving three of them sprawled, crippled, across the white snow.

Then the wolves saw that they would have to get past Red Roan before they could attack the other horses. Howling and snarling in a savage frenzy, they launched themselves at his throat, at his fetlocks, at his flanks, at his neck. The great red stallion defended himself with unflagging courage. And from the corner of his eye, he was suddenly enheartened to see, fighting at his side, Big Gray. Seeing the peril of the herd, the erstwhile leader had returned to fight in its defense.

Thud! Smash! R-rip!

Red Roan hurled wolf after wolf away from him, trampling them in the snow, tossing them, unconscious, in the air. Beside him, Big Gray fought bravely. Then, as Red Roan's blur-fast hooves crushed the ribs of a huge lobo wolf, the attacking animals lost heart.

As one, they turned tail and fled, leaving an even dozen of their number dead in the snow.

Sides heaving, his beautiful hide slashed and torn, Red Roan turned to face Big Gray. A question was in his eyes. The older horse whinnied softly. His answer to Red Roan's question was: "You are king of the herd. You have earned that right. But let me travel with you. Soon I will be old—and helpless..."

RED ROAN INCLINED his noble head. His answer was plain.

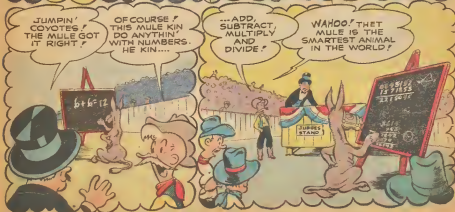
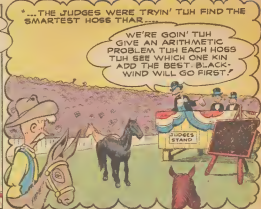
"You may come with us. But I am the king."

Together, the two horses turned, and began to climb through the snow choked arroyo, to where the herd waited for them. Big Gray went first, and Red Roan followed after. Even as he climbed, his alert eyes were on the lookout for danger. For now he was king of the herd.

THE END

WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE JR. in "MULE HEAD"



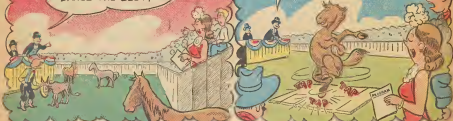


* BUT THET WUZ ONLY PART OF THE CONTEST

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTS, WE COME TUH THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE SHOW.... THE CONTEST TUH FIND OUT WHICH HOSS KIN DANCE THE BEST!

STARDUST IS THE FIRST PARTICIPANT!

BURNIN' SAGEBRUSH! LOOK AT THET HOSS! HE'S DOIN' A TAP DANCE!



* THE NEXT HOSS WUZ EVEN BETTER

HURRAY FER CLOVER LEAF! NO HOSS KIN DANCE BETTER THAN THET!

GOSH, OLD BOY, AH DON'T KNOW WHUT YUH KIN DO TUH BEAT THET!

* BUT THIS MULE WUZ SO CLEVER, HE HAD ALREADY FIGURED OUT WHUT HE HAD TUH DO

AND NOW WHITEY WHISKERS' MULE WILL PERFORM!

HA, HA! WHUT KIND OF DANCE KIN THET MULE DO?

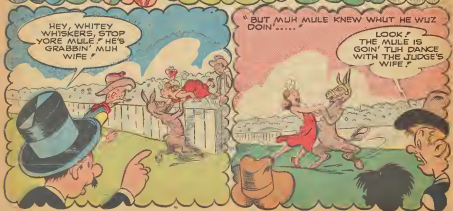


WOW! CLOVER LEAF IS TERRIFIC! HE'S DOIN' A BALLET NUMBER!

* BUT MUH MULE KNEW WHUT HE WUZ DOIN'

HEY, WHITEY WHISKERS, STOP YORE MULE! HE'S GRABBIN' MUH WIFE!

LOOK! THE MULE IS GOIN' TUH DANCE WITH THE JUDGE'S WIFE!



CRAWLIN' RATTLESNAKES! HE'S JITTERBUGGIN'!

HURRAY, HURRAY! THAT'S THE BEST JITTERBUGGIN' WE'VE EVER SEEN!

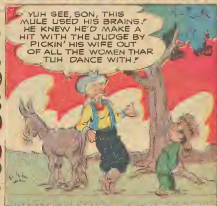
THET MULE IS TERRIFIC!



THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, WHITEY WHISKERS, YORE MULE IS BY FAR THE MOST TALENTED AND SMARTEST ANIMAL HYAR! HYAR'S THE PRIZE!



YUH SEE, SON, THIS MULE USED HIS BRAINS! HE KNEW HE'D MAKE A HIT WITH THE JUDGE BY PICKIN' HIS WIFE OUT OF ALL THE WOMEN THAR TUH DANCE WITH!



AH'LL PROVE TUH YUH HOW SMART THIS MULE IS, DANNY BOY. AH'LL ASK HIM TUH SHOW HOW MUCH HE LIKES ME AND JEST WATCH HOW HE TAKES ME AROUND WITH HIS TAIL.



NOW, MULEY, OLD BOY, SHOW ME HOW MUCH YUH LIKE ME....

AIEEE!



I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU BEFORE, WHITEY WHISKERS, BUT NOW I'M CONVINCED YOUR MULE IS REALLY SMART!

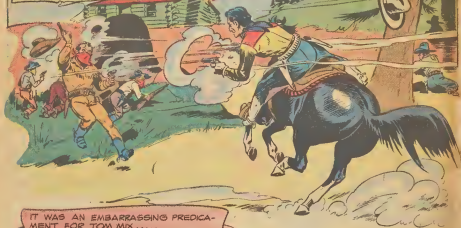


TOM MIX

TALES OF THE WEST ARE FILLED WITH ADVENTURE AND HEROISM! BUT THIS IS THE STORY OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF HEROISM---THE KIND THAT CONQUERED THE WILDERNESS AND BUILT A NATION!

IT IS THE STORY OF THE HOMESTEADERS, AND THE ROARING SIX-GUNS OF MEN LIKE TOM MIX WHO HELPED THEM TO DEFEND THEIR OWN

in
"GUNFIRE
DECISION!"



IT WAS AN EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT FOR TOM MIX.....

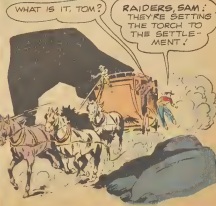
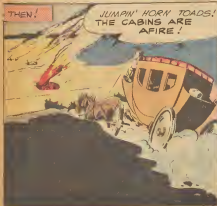
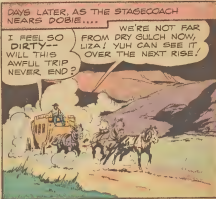
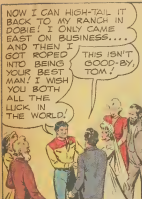
UHP! I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY I AGREED TO BE BEST MAN AT SAM JONES' WEDDING! I LOOK LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER WITH ALL THESE SOCIETY SWELLS...



I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

WHEW! IT'S OVER!





GET IN THERE WITH LIZA, SAM! I'LL HEAD THE COACH OVER ROCKY ROAD TO CANYON PASS! WE'LL PICK THEM OFF WHEN THEY FINISH THEIR DIRTY WORK!



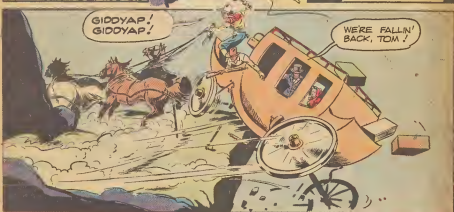
I'LL TAKE OVER, HANK. GET YOUR HARDWARE HANDY! WE'RE GOING TO NIP THE TAIL OF THOSE COYOTES!



GET A GONG! GIDDYAP!

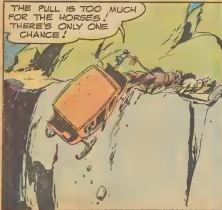


GIDDYAP! GIDDYAP!



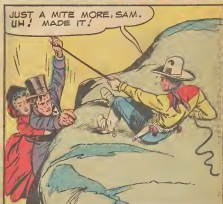
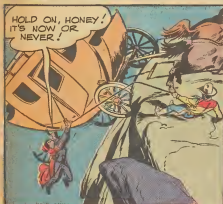
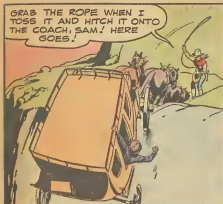
WE'RE FALLIN' BACK, TOM!

THE PULL IS TOO MUCH FOR THE HORSES! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE!

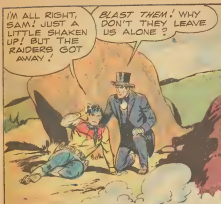


I HOPE THIS WILL HOLD 'ER LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO USE MY ROPE!

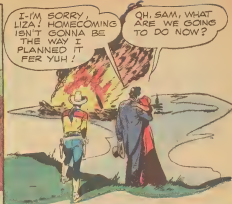








BLAST THEM! WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE?



QH, SAM, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?



I'LL FIND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! I PROMISE YOU THAT!

NEXT DAY, AT THE BULL FERRISS RANCH...

I'VE BEEN AIMING TO TALK TO YOU, BULL! SOME OF YOUR COWHANDS WENT ON A RAMPAGE YESTERDAY...

I CAN'T KEEP TABS ON THE BOYS! 'SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S PAYDAY!



THAT'S THEIR LOOKOUT! WHY TELL ME?

YUH KNOW CATTLEMEN DON'T LIKE HOMESTEADERS! THEIR FARMS USE UP THE BEST GRAZIN' LAND FOR CATTLE....

YOUR HANDS WOULDN'T START TROUBLE EXCEPT ON YOUR ORDERS, BULL! I'M WARNING YOU! IF THE DRY GULCH SETTLERS ARE BOTHERED AGAIN, YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME!

GET THIS STRAIGHT, MIX! I DON'T TAKE WARNINGS FROM ANY MAN! THE HOMESTEADERS WILL HAVE TUH TAKE THEIR CHANCES.... AND I DON'T WISH 'EM LUCK!

YOU CALLED IT, BULL! I HOPE YOU WON'T BE SORRY WHEN WE PLAY OUT OUR CARDS!



I WON'T BE SORRY, MIX!
BUT YUH WILL! AND SO
WILL THOSE DIRT FARMERS
YO'RE TRYIN' TUH
PROTECT!



MEANWHILE, THE WORK OF
REBUILDING GOES ON...

OH!!

LIZA!
ARE YUH
HURT?



MY HANDS! UGLY I'M SORRY,
CALLOUSES ON LIZA! I
THEM! THEY- DIDN'T
THEY'RE RUINED... REALIZE! THIS
KIND OF WORK ISN'T FER A
WOMAN!



ON THE OPEN PLAINS, THE COLD AND
SNOW STRIKE WITH TERRIBLE POWER...

I CAN'T STAND
MUCH MORE OF
THIS!

IT WON'T BE FER
LONG, LIZA!



WE'LL HAVE REAL
CABINS BUILT
BEFORE THE
SPRING!

JUST IN TIME TO SOW
THE WHEAT CROP!
THEN I SUPPOSE I'LL BE
WORKING IN THE FIELDS
LIKE ---A MULE!



I'LL GO CRAZY,
SAM! YOU'VE
GOT TO
TAKE ME
BACK
EAST!
NOW, LIZA,
YUH JEST NEED
A LITTLE RELAX-
ATION! SOME OF
THE SETTLERS ARE
GOING INTO DOBIE
TONIGHT! I'LL TAKE
YUH ALONG!



LATER, IN DOBIE....

LOOK, SHERIFF! IT'S
THE HOMESTEADERS
FROM DRY GULCH!

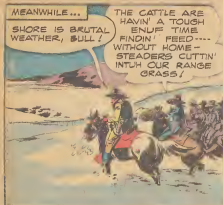
SHERIFF
FRED SHOWN
DOBIE
SHEDHOUSE

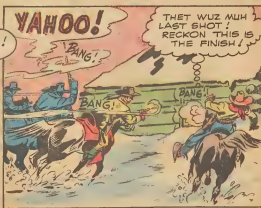
SOUND MIGHTY HAPPY
FER FOLKS WHO'VE HAD
SO MUCH TROUBLE!

OH, I WISH I WUZ IN DE
LAND OB COTTON!











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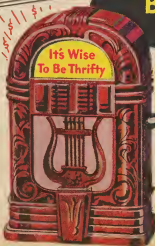
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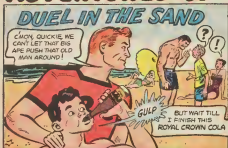


Illustration: 1980s • Fictional Group: Teen Titans

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s
of superheroes



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